

Horticultural.

A Cherry Reminiscence.

Some thirty-five years ago I conceived the idea of raising cherries extensively for market, as the locality appeared well adapted for the purpose. To ascertain just what kinds to plant, all known varieties were tested, and the result showed curious and interesting data. The first appearance of the disease now so prevalent in the cherry-growing section of the State, was noticed on a row of Black Tartarian previously the most reliable and profitable sort. Some others of the tender-fleshed sorts followed next, as Belle de Choisy, Black Eagle, Bleeding Heart, etc., and soon all the trees in this section were a wreck. Although the Duke, which appears to be the connecting link between the tart and sweet cherries, held out for several seasons longer, and the firm-fleshed varieties (Bigarreaux) struggled along in an unsatisfactory manner quite as long, all have now passed away, leaving nothing but the memory of their former character. One of the most remunerative of these fruits was the Napoleon, a beautiful, large, firm-fleshed cherry, of decidedly fine quality when fully ripe. There never was any difficulty in disposing of the fruit, at from ten to twelve cents a pound. Next in point of profit was English Morello, a large dark, juicy variety, undeniably tart and unfit for dessert, but rich and delicious when cooked. This should not be confounded with the old-time Morello, which is small and poor in quality, besides being susceptible to disease. As a possible third for profit might be named the Early Richmond, which still retains its prestige as a valuable remunerative tart cherry. Among the large dessert cherries the following always bore good, but unfortunately when a rainy spell happened about ripening time the fruit would not hold; Governor Wood headed the list, and Eton, Yellow Spanish, Elkhorn, Ohio Beauty, Knight's Early Black, Lockport, Early Purple Galigne and Mayduke were all deserving of a place in the cherry orchard. Cherry diseases are more insidious and mysterious than those affecting any other cultivated fruit. For years after the first appearance of the devastating "black-knot," half a century ago, various explanations were offered for its presence, but now its cause and history are understood.

The minute fungus infesting the genus Prunus is undoubtedly the enemy orchardists have to contend against. It appears and disappears so suddenly that before the owner has time to examine into the matter whole orchards are laid waste. The advice is frequently offered to cut off and burn all diseased branches as soon as the excrescences appear, but unfortunately the mischief has then been done, and the infinitesimal seed-like fragments have floated off to other fields of destruction. Perhaps washes and spraying with a solution of potash and lime might check the disease, but what is attempted must be done quickly. Those black-knots have been mostly restricted to the Dukes and Morellos, but the malady infesting the dessert cherries is of a much more disastrous character. After growing thriftily for a few years these trees gradually decline and die in a few years. Sometimes the bark splits disclosing the wood below, and occasionally the woody fibre is destroyed. The foliage turns yellow, is small, and there is no perceptible growth. Soon one twig after another turns black until the tree becomes useless. Varied treatment has been tried, but without success. The cause is as yet unknown and we work in the dark. There are certain districts to-day where the cherry is as healthy and productive as ever, showing that the disease is restricted to favorable localities and spreads under special conditions of the atmosphere. Until within a few recent years the cherry was one of the easiest of fruit trees to propagate, but at present it is one of the most difficult in many sections. The nature of this trouble is "spotting" in the leaf, so that by midsummer, as a usual thing, the foliage drops and growth ceases. The shoots are weak and spindling and the few buds that grow make small trees. Every indication points to a fungal origin, but even potash applied to the soil is no remedy. On the land where the cherry now fails trees of the finest grade were formerly raised and little if any stimulant could be applied for fear of excessive growth and unripe wood.—*Joshua Hoopes, in N. Y. Tribune.*

A Veteran's Experience with Apple Orchards.

Hon. Peter Fay, in an address on fruit culture before the New England Farmers' Club, as reported by the *Manchester Herald*, said:

In the cultivation of fruit there is a great deal of trimming trees. Now, I don't know but we may differ in regard to the time to trim trees, but so far as my experience is concerned, and I have trimmed them every month in the year, the object was to see when the wound would heal over the best and quickest, for that is the time to trim trees. I found it best to trim the first of June, and that was the best time. In three weeks it will begin to heal by forming a little ring around the wound. The worst time in the year is the month of March. A lump will form where the limb is cut off, but out of that lump there will come the sap and injure the bark for four or five inches from the place where it is, and that bark will decay and come off; therefore, the quicker the wound will begin healing is the time to trim trees. Most farmers take the month of March, because they have nothing else to do at that time, but I would recommend them to be in the house reading some good paper. But if you must trim trees at any other time than June, I would recommend the month of November.

All these things I have tried by experience. You know very well that in the month of August you will find the sprouts will begin to start if you cultivate your orchard as highly as you ought to.

When I see a neglected tree, I am surprised at the owner's lack of thrift. You will say these sprouts will start in June even and then what do you do with them?

I get a boy in the latter part of the month of August to go up in the tree and break them off with his hands. He will take off more sprouts with his hands in one day than two men with a saw. If it is cut off, there would start up all about it sprouts as big as your finger in the spring; but if

the boy takes them off with his hands, it will all heal over, so you will see no sign of it in the spring, which if it had been sawed off, you would have done.

In regard to the cultivation of land where trees grow, I have altered my mind several times in fifty years. I have come to this point, if I were to plant an orchard now, I would not cultivate it so much. For the first six years I would cultivate an apple orchard. Then I would let it down to kill the weeds, and I would leave it six years. If I saw fit to plant it, I would do so. I have made up my mind differently. This was eight years ago that I resolved I would never plow again. I found out then that the whole ground was just like a web-work of small roots, and I could not but come to the conclusion that these being near the surface the plow would cut a large number of these roots in halves, and hence it must be injurious.

My trees are set thirty-five feet apart. If I were to set out another apple orchard, I would set the trees not less than forty feet apart, perhaps forty-five feet. The whole ground is completely filled with small roots. It is surprising, if you have watched it closely, to see the length of the roots.

My neighbor brought water from the hill, and brought it through forty feet of my orchard, and to do this he dug a trench. I was surprised. Six inches below the surface there were ten thousand little fibres the size of knitting needles. They extended forty feet from the trees, and were only six or eight inches from the surface.

That led me to the conclusion that plowing the trees just cut them off. You may ask, how do you proceed? I manure them now heavily every other year. I put it on in the fall and make it fine in the spring. My neighbor has cultivated his orchard, and I have compared results. I noticed that the Hubbardston, or any other apple, if cultivated, would fall to the ground in great quantities and the ground be covered with them. They are more liable to fall off in orchards where the ground is cultivated, than where it is not. When trees get to be ten or twelve inches through, it is time to stop cultivating the land. The only way to keep up an orchard is to manure it every other year and manure it well.

So far as the keeping of apples is concerned, there is considerable difficulty. It depends much on the picking and handling of the apples. Every single mark you make on the apple will remain and injure it. It should be handled with great caution, and be carefully put away in a cool place where it will not be damp. The cellar will usually do.

Pole Beans.

Under the name of pole or running beans are included the Lima and its different varieties as well as those varieties of a climbing habit that require to be supported by stout poles or stakes, and which are used when small as snap beans. When almost fully grown these varieties are excellent as green shell beans, and when dried are good for winter use.

As a general rule they are even more sensitive to cold and wet than the dwarf or bush varieties and, as they also require more care, should not be planted until the weather becomes warm and settled, which is about the middle of May, although to save time all of the preparatory work can be performed at a much earlier period.

They do best when given a sheltered situation and a deep, rich, loamy soil—this should be deeply plowed and harrowed thoroughly, and then marked out in rows four feet apart each way. At each intersection two or three shovelfuls of good, well-decayed manure is placed and thoroughly intermixed with the soil so as to form a slight hill, in the center of which a stout stake or pole some five or six feet in length should be firmly placed, so as to furnish support to the vines.

Around the stake or pole the beans should be planted, placing from six to seven in a hill about two inches in depth. Care must be taken to place the eye down, for it is not done they will certainly rot. As soon as the beans are up and past all danger of injury, remove all but three or four of the most promising and if any fail in starting to climb around the poles they should be tied or fastened to them.

The growing crop should be well cultivated, and freely hoed, and at each hoeing let a little fresh earth be drawn up around the plants, and as soon as the vines reach the tops of the poles they should be pinched off.

When the vines have been destroyed by frost, the poles should be taken up, cleaned off and stored for another season's use: at the same time all ripe beans should be gathered and stored in a dry airy situation, and when the opportunity offers they should be shelled; these dried beans will afford capital eating during the winter months when our supply of vegetables is limited.

There are many varieties in cultivation, but only a few are deserving of the amateur's attention; among these are the Lima and its varieties, which are justly esteemed as the richest of all beans, whether used in the green or dried state.

Of late, considerable attention has been paid to the Lima and the result is that we have several improved varieties which are a decided advance on the older sorts. Among them is the extra early Lima, which is of very vigorous growth, and remarkably productive. It is some two or three weeks earlier than Deer's Improved or Large Lima. Deer's Improved is about two weeks later than the above, and is more productive.

The pods of this variety are short and thick and completely filled with beans which are as rich and buttery as the large Lima. It is the best variety for amateur cultivation. The Horticultural or Speckled Cranberry is to all appearances of delicate growth, but nevertheless enormously productive of short pale green pods, and large oval beans of the richest quality. They can be used as a snap bean, and a shell bean, either green or dried; some persons esteem them better than Limas.

Dutch Case Knife is a more robust growing variety. It is enormously productive, having long, broad, green, flat pods, which gradually pass into creamy white. The beans are broad, a day-shap'd, clear white in color, and of excellent quality when used either green or dried as a shell bean.

The Scarlet and White Runners are occasionally cultivated for ordinary use, but I consider them far inferior in quality to those above named and suitable only for use as ornamental climbers, for which pur-

pose they are well adapted. They grow from 10 to 12 feet in height and produce in the greatest profusion large clusters of dazzling scarlet or pure white flowers from June until frost. They produce large, broad pods, but the large kidney-shaped beans which they contain are quite inferior in quality.—*Our Country Home.*

WHAT ARE THEY?

SCOTTS, Dec. 12, 1887.

DEAR SIR.—Enclosed please find some small insects which infest our parlor on the south side of the room, and in and around the window. The window curtains and carpet are full of them. I don't know but there are billions of them. What are they, where do they come from, and what harm will they do? The house was built four years ago, is brick veneered, and the brick painted with the following compound: Clay, loam, Venetian red and white lead; the paint set with muriatic acid, using a tumblerful to one part of water. As you will see, the insects are full of them. My wife thinks they probably are mites, and the much larger wood and cattle ticks. Those sent by Mr. H. are so small that when dead and unmagnified they look like a little heap of dust grains. Like the chicken mite they are red. This is not the first time that I have had such mites brought to my attention as an annoyance about the house. Once a neighbor called me to her house because of these same mites, which fairly covered her window. In this case I thought I traced them to a bird's nest just outside the porch. Like chicken mites they infest animals, and often increase so fast that they fairly overspread the place where they propagate. I have seen a board in a chicken house red with the chicken mite. I think they will not be seen next year, and feel sure that they will do no harm, other than the annoyance caused the neat housewife by their presence.

ANSWER BY PROF. COOK.

The little animals sent by Mr. Haas, which look like little vital grains of dust, so small are they, are not true insects, but belong to the lowest order of the spider group, or the mites. They have eight legs and are closely related to the cheese and sugar mites, the chicken mites, and the much larger wood and cattle ticks. Those sent by Mr. H. are so small that when dead and unmagnified they look like a little heap of dust grains. Like the chicken mite they are red. This is not the first time that I have had such mites brought to my attention as an annoyance about the house. Once a neighbor called me to her house because of these same mites, which fairly covered her window. In this case I thought I traced them to a bird's nest just outside the porch. Like chicken mites they infest animals, and often increase so fast that they fairly overspread the place where they propagate. I have seen a board in a chicken house red with the chicken mite. I think they will not be seen next year, and feel sure that they will do no harm, other than the annoyance caused the neat housewife by their presence.

How We Winter Cabbages. Indications are that the home production of cabbage has been shortened by bad weather and insect pests, and that if well wintered it will bring at least two cents a pound. The best and most desirable heads to market are not the large ones, weighing fifteen to twenty pounds, but those of between five and ten pounds each. If sold by the pound of course the heavy heads bring more, but for ordinary consumption, when sold by the piece, the selling price will not exceed ten or fifteen cents a head, no matter how large. Besides, the big head has large stump and nubbins and is for this reason wasteful in cooking. With us cabbages have not headed as hard as usual, many heads are soft and half grown, which are not fit for immediate market, and unless such are well kept in a fresh condition will wilt and spoil. In a year of scarcity it is worth knowing how to preserve such cabbage for sale after the best heads have disappeared. A hard head will keep in almost any condition except that of too much warmth and moisture; when hung up by the root the outer leaves dry in the cellar, and the inner head remains fairly good. If set out in the soil in a cellar, the head will often grow and spoil; and if buried in open ground in shallow trenches they freeze into the ground solid and through the heads, and when dug and thawed are worthless.

The following plan has been practiced largely for years in this locality, market gardeners in particular using it almost exclusively; the product of twenty acres is now stored here in this way: The best heads are saved out at the time of pulling, and as many as can be sold by New Year's are put in piles of 1,000 heads in a barn cellar where hard frost does not come. The stump is left on as a handle, some pulling the heads and some cutting them off at the surface of the ground; before this is done the outer leaves are broken off to lessen the bulk. Heads not wanted for immediate use are buried in the ground in a long pit—in a spot where water will not stand—one foot deep and three feet wide; the heads are packed in a round head and the earth thrown back on the cabbage; no leaves or straw is used. If this work can be delayed, until late in the season, just before the ground freezes, there is less danger of loss from heating. I have lost some heads by frost and some by decay, but not many in proportion to the bulk of the crop; any left in the ground after frost is set in spring are specially liable to loss. When buried with the roots on the heads keep well, and I have thought soft heads did harden up some in the pit. When wanted for market in winter I take a peckaxe and dig out a quantity on a pleasant day, trim into barrels and set away for market; when the supply is gone dig more, taking care to fill the hole made by digging with earth or snow to keep out cold from the pit.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Fruit Flavorings.

I give instructions by which everybody may extract and preserve their own fruit essences, and so guard the health and add to the pleasure for whom they provide. Among the fruit juices are strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, and currants; among the non-juicy fruit are apples, pears, peaches, quinces, apricots and plums. Mash the juicy fruits in a basin to a pulp; place on the fire and make scalding hot; now pour into a hair sieve and allow the juice to strain through; put into bottles and securely cork down; place these bottles in a cauldron of cold water and boil for twenty minutes; remove from the fire and allow to remain in the cauldron until cold; then set away for use. In the case of non-juicy fruits, such as apples, pears, peaches, etc., put the fruit into a basin; cover with water and boil to a pulp; now place on a hair sieve and allow to drain without pressing. Observe, now, that it is only the liquor which passes through the sieve without pressing, which is to be used for flavoring purposes. What

remains in the form of a pulp is not adapted for these uses. Now put the juice as obtained above into bottles, and proceed to treat as already laid down for the juicy fruits. The foregoing processes are to be gone through with where the extracts are to be kept transparent and clear, as for syrups, cordials, and beverages. In cases where the flavorings are to be used for any purpose where transparency or clearness is not desirable, such as for ice creams, fruit ices, or bonbons, then I would use not only the clear fluid, but the pulp of the fruit also. I would for these opaque purposes save and utilize everything of the fruit except the skins and seeds. This pulp will be treated as already laid down. As thus obtained and preserved, our confectioners can supply themselves with a quantity of perfectly pure extracts of all their favorite fruits, and which can always be at hand, for flavoring every description of pastry, cakes, puffs, puddings, creams, ices, and beverages, and at any season of the year. Especially where there is any one in the house who is sick of feverish cordials, may be flavored with these delightful subacid-hatched in the bricks, hence their red color. Will you be so kind as to reply, after a careful examination, either by letter or through the MICHIGAN FARMER, and oblige

ADAM HAAS.

For the Ladies Sweeting is recommended as a most excellent red sweet apple.

A solution of Paris green, it is said, is best for all enemies of the squash vine.

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A tomato weighing 3½ pounds took Maule's prize of \$100 offered for the largest tomato grown of seed bought of him.

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The Gravenstein is named as the king of fall apples, having all the qualities required in a good fall fruit. The apple should ripen on the tree.

CLAPP'S FAVORITE is a fine pear, but should be a little green when picked. If left till they are quite ripe, they are rotten at the core.

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AN Allegan County peach-grower who left Michigan for the south, in search of a better climate and facilities for peach-growing, went as far as Louisiana, came back again convinced that the Wolverine State is good enough for him, with all its drawbacks. He says he would rather have a little peach farm in Michigan than a whole Louisiana plantation.

A NEW YORK grower of plums, who has 15,000 plum trees, keeps a force of boys at work catching the curculio. Each has a wheelbarrow, on which is a large cloth-covered frame, opening at one side so the trunk of the tree can be admitted to the center. Then by tapping or jarring the tree, the "little turks" are made to drop on the cloth, thence to a drawer near the bottom, and are burned in a kerosene stove kept in the plum orchard. The expense is about ten cents per tree, and as the crop secured by the extra trouble often amounts to a bushel or more per tree, he finds it pays well.

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Apianian.

Some Notes About Bees.

A recently published book by Mr. Frank R. Cheshire, lecturer at South Kensington, gives some curious items of information about bees. A lens magnifying fifty times will reveal the trachea, and also the beautiful "salivary glands," which a skillful operator may extract through the head, after immersing the insect up to its neck in wax. There is considerable discussion among apiarists as to the uses of these glands, in which is incidentally included the question whether bees digest their young by regurgitating semi-digested food, or by a glandular system producing a nutritive secretion. Mr. Cheshire finds in the digestive system, in which "the salivary and gastric secretions perform precisely the same functions in both, a most helpful similarity of physical structure between mankind and bees." Bees have, however, a great advantage over mankind of being able to carry a large stock of food and drink in their insides, and of having the power of feeding upon these stores by means of what is called the "stomach-mouth," at pleasure; or, if they choose, they can convert these provisions into building materials. Their foot is furnished with a very sharp and powerful claw, and with a sort of soft pad that gives out a clammy secretion, by means of which they are able to work on smooth surfaces. It is by the claws that bees hang one to another when swarming. The cutting off of a bee's head does not apparently of necessity kill it; for "drones in confinement will sometimes live very much longer without their heads than with them." The head, however, is not an unimportant part of the bee, which has a larger proportion of brain than many other insects. The poisonous property of the sting of bees lies in the formic acid it discharges, which is also "probably associated with some other toxic agent." The idea that the bee invariably dies after stinging is a vulgar error. "It will, if allowed time, generally carry its sting away by travelling around upon the wound, giving the instrument a screw-movement until it is free." More usually, however, the bee is not allowed to travel around, and "she loses not only the sting and the venom-gland and sac, but also the lower portion of the bowel, so that her death follows in an hour or two." We are further informed that no bee inflicts a wound until she has examined the nature of the surface to be punctured, using a pair of very beautiful organs called palpi, elaborately provided with feeling hairs and thin nerve-ends.

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AN Allegan County peach-grower who left Michigan for the south, in search of a better climate and facilities for peach-growing, went as far as Louisiana, came back again convinced that the Wolverine State is good enough for him, with all its drawbacks. He says he would rather have a little peach farm in Michigan than a whole Louisiana plantation.

A NEW YORK grower of plums, who has 15,000 plum trees, keeps a force of boys at work catching the curculio. Each has a wheelbarrow, on which is a large cloth-covered frame, opening at one side so the trunk of the tree can be admitted to the center. Then by tapping or jarring the tree, the "little turks" are made to drop on the cloth, thence to a drawer near the bottom, and are burned in a kerosene stove kept in the plum orchard. The expense is about ten cents per tree, and as the crop secured by the extra trouble often amounts to a bushel or more per tree, he finds it pays well.

J. F. DUNN says: "Experience has taught me that it does not pay to push the sale of buckwheat and other dark berries. When I sell a customer a fine sample of light-colored honey he almost always duplicates the order as soon as the honey is gone, but not so with those to whom I have sold buckwheat or other dark, strongly-flavored honey, even though they profess to have a preference for that kind. When asked why they did not come for more sooner the invariable reply would be: 'Oh, well, you see we got tired of it.'"

SONGUM.—Now that Sorghum is once more attracting the attention of farmers throughout the country and has this time apparently come to stay, it is well to know that the Sorghum Hand Book, a valuable treatise on the cultivation and manufacture of Sorghum, may be had free of charge on application to the Bismarck Iron Works Co., Cincinnati, O.

We call your attention to the seed advertisement of H. W. Buckner, Rockford, Ill., page 3. If you intend to purchase seeds, plants, etc., you will find this a first-class reliable house. His illustrated Seed and Plant Catalogue will be mailed free upon application, to all readers of this paper.

Cataract Cure.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Cataract, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 215 East 9th St., New York, will receive the cure free of charge.

Home Evidence.

People of Lowell.

No other preparation has won success at home equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is made, it is now, as it has been for years, the leading medicine for purifying the blood, and toning and strengthening the system. This "good name at home" is a tower of strength abroad. It would require a volume to print all Lowell people have said in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Albert Lowell, living at 28 East Pine Street, Lowell, for 15 years employed as book carrier by J. W. Bennett, president of the Erie Telephone Company, had a large running sore come on his leg, which troubled him a year, when he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The sore soon grew less in size, and in a short time disappeared. Jos. Dunphy, 214 Central Street, Lowell, had swellings and lumps on his face and neck, which Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured. Mrs. C. W. Marriott, wife of the First Assistant Fire Engineer of Lowell, says that for 10 years she was troubled with stomach disorder and sick headache, which nothing relieved. The attacks came on every fortnight, when she was obliged to take her bed, and was unable to endure any noise. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after a time the attacks ceased entirely. Many more might be given had we room. On the recommendation of people of Lowell, who know us, we ask you to try

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

RAIL-ROAD PAIN CURE
A New Remedy with Wonderful Healing Powers. For both internal and external use. POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. Cures Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, and all distressing ailments of the human body. RAIL

Poetry.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

We didn't have much of a Christmas.
My papa and Rosie and me,
For mamma'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor prisoners' tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylvan' all day,
To help at the great turkey dinner,
And teach games for the orphans to play,
She belongs to a club of young ladies,
With a "beautiful object," they say,
'Tis to go among poor homeless children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And Auntie, you don't know my Auntie,
She's my papa's half sister Kate,
She was "brought to be round at the chapel"
'Till "twas sometimes dreadfully late;
For she pities the poor worn-out curate,
His burdens, she says, are so great,
So she ranges the flowers and music
And he goes home around by our gate.
I should think this way must be the longest,
But then, I suppose, he knows best,
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid,
And his name it is Vane Alkerson West.

My papa had bought a big turkey
And had it sent home Christmas eve,
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it.
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin,
(He doesn't look like her one bit,
She says she belongs to a "union")
And the union won't let her "submit,"
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rosie and me went down stairs to the pantry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
That he thought that he didn't quite dare
For he'd got cold and kept coughing:
There were dampness and chills in the air.
Oh the day was so long and so lonesome!
And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the roses—the roses—the roses.

And the red ones, "old ferns and carnations,
That have made up my windows so bright;
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison;
To make their cold hearts pure and white,
And we all sat up close to the window,
Rose and me on papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birds
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow;
But I thought I would rather be a bird,
Be a robin that flies away winters
Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
And papa wished he was a fall bird,
'Cause he thought that they fared the best;
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
For then we'd be killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers—
"Dear God, we've been so lonesome to-day
For Mamma, Aunt Ethel and Bridget,
Every one of them all went away—
Won't you please make a club, or society,
For it's time for next Christmas to be.
To take care of philanthropists' families,
Like papa and Rosie and me."
And I think that my papa's grown plans
For he listened as still as a mouse,
Till I got to Amen—then he said it
So it sounded all over the house.

SISTER ANNUNCIATA.

Sister Annunciatia lay asleep,
And all about her, fearing even to weep,
Lest any shade of common human grief
Should cloud the tranquil spirit as it passed,
But she, with long-drawn sighs of sweet relief,
Moved her pale lips, unclasped her eyes at last,
And looked—oh what!—did crowned saint appear?

Or awful vision of the Angel Seven?
The watchers lower bend their heads to hear—
"Love, do I see your face again—and is this
Heaven?"

Miscellaneous.

IN THE CORN FIELD.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I've half a mind to give up," said Jotham Beers.

He was mowing the Old Home Lot on a broiling July day. From the first streak of early dawn his glittering scythe had swung to and fro, to and fro, with the steady regularity of a pendulum. There was nothing of the idler about Jotham Beers, and yet at times he did get discouraged.

"It don't seem to me as if I belonged to anybody," he muttered. "What's the use of working like this if I don't make up my mind to stay here? Deacon Beers is my uncle to be sure, but I am no more to him than any other hired man. The old farm is going to rack and ruin as fast as it can. Aunt Polly is a good soul, but she can't stem the tide of shiftlessness, any more than you can dip out Niagara Falls with a quart bowl. And as for Rachel—"

He smiled to himself. It was evident that Rachel was the one redeeming element of the picture he had mentally drawn.

"As for Rachel," he went thoughtfully on, "she is like the wild red lilies on yonder hillside lot. There's a deal of solid common sense in Rachel, if only one could get through the stratum of coquetry and girlish folly that overlies her true nature. I'll not go to Colorado. I'll stay on here for Rachel's sake."

Deacon Beers was dreaming over the weekly paper on the porch, when Jotham came in at noon. Aunt Polly was taking a cherry pie out of the oven. Rachel had gone out to the well for fresh water.

"Them crows is doin' a dreadful sight of mischief in the corn," said Mr. Beers.

"Our folks used to hang up a square o' tin on a string," observed Aunt Polly. "When the sun flashed on 'em the crows was pretty sure to cut stick."

"I was wondering," said Jotham, as he dipped his curly head into a basin of water at the sink, and dried it on a towel, "if it wouldn't be a good notion to plaster some sheep on the rocky side hill. There's nothing but mule and stalk and hard tack grows there, anyhow."

"Sheep's a dretful risky investment," said Mr. Beers, dubiously. "And the neighbors all keep dogs, and the fences are down."

Jotham had opened his lips to remonstrate on the dog and fence question, but the appearance of Rachel, dimpled and blooming as a freshly-gathered peach, diverted his thoughts, and he said:

"Well, Ray, are you going to the surprise party at the parsonage to-night?"

"I shouldn't wonder," Rachel answered.

"With me?"

"John Parker has asked permission to call for me," Miss Rachel replied, with her eyes fixed on the pattern of the tablecloth, and a rising color in her cheek.

Jotham Beers said no more, but the pork and greens had lost all flavor to his palate. He cared no longer for the cherry pie.

"Rachel," he said in a choked voice, "I have known you longer than that Parker fellow."

Rachel reddened.

"One don't want to go about with one young man forever," said she. "And I'll thank you, Jotham Beers, to speak a little more respectfully of my friends."

"If he's going to dance attendance on you, I may as well remain at home," said Jotham.

"You can do as you please about that," retorted Rachel, tying and untying her apron strings.

Jotham went back to the hayfield in moody silence. The deacon lighted his pipe.

"I guess," said he, "I'll sit and smoke a while."

Rachel began to clear away the table. Mrs. Beers eyed her with supreme indignation.

"Rachel," said she at last, "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself."

"Why?" a little defiantly.

"To treat Jotham so."

"To treat him how?"

"You know how as well as I do," declared Mrs. Beers. "And he's talking about leaving us, and going to Colorado. I'm sure I don't know what your father and he would do without Jotham. He's more like an own son than a nephew to me, and always has been."

Rachel was silent.

"And it's for you to decide," went on Mrs. Beers, "whether he's to stay or to go."

The roses glowed more hotly in Rachel's cheek. A sort of mistiness filmed her soft hazel eyes.

"I'm sure I don't want him to go—go," she faltered, hiding her head on her mother's shoulder.

"Tell him so, then," urged Mrs. Beers.

"Tell him that you'll go to the surprise party with him, instead of John Parker. John's only a hang-on of Melinda Walcott's."

So, when the dishes were washed, Rachel ran out to the hill to see where, in the lot, Jotham had got to.

"I'll take him a jug of cold ginger-water," she thought. "It must be awful hot work mowing in the sun."

But he was not there at all. On the contrary, Rachel caught sight of his coarse straw hat above the tail spikes of the young corn.

"He's fixing that piece of tin to scare away the crows that mother told him about," said she to herself. "And I shall be saved the long walk to the home-lot."

She burst out into a sweet refrain of song, as she tripped along with the pitcher of cold ginger-water in her hand; she paused to pick a cluster of red lilies as she passed the orchard wall, where the tall blossoms crowded and nodded like children looking over the fence. "Because Jotham likes them," she thought.

"Jotham!" sweet and clear like the whistle of a thrush, sounded the fresh young voice. "Jotham, I say! Don't you hear me? It's Rachel! Why don't you look around, Jotham?"

There was no answer. No turning of the head, however slight, to indicate that she was so much as noticed; and, with a swelling bosom and tears starting to her eyes, Rachel flung the contents of the yellow pitcher into the nearest copse of hazel bushes, and ran back home like a deer.

"I won't be slighted by any man!" she said to herself. "No, I won't. I won't!"

She went to the surprise party that night with John Parker, and danced with him and flirted with him, to the manifest confusion of Melinda Walcott. And at three o'clock in the morning John Parker escorted her home, with Melinda—unwillingly fulfilling the old saw that "Two is a company; three is a crowd"—in the rear.

"Why, mother, you up?" was Rachel's exclamation, as she found Mrs. Beers in the kitchen, lighting a fire by the uncertain glimmer of the early dawn. "Is any one sick? Has anything happened?"

Mrs. Beers shook her head.

"I'm going to give poor Jotham a bite of breakfast before he starts off," said she, in lachrymose accents.

"Starts off where?"

"For Colorado."

"Oh!" said Rachel, flinging her bonnet on the dresser, "he's going, is he? I wish him a pleasant journey, I'm sure."

At the same moment Jotham himself came down the narrow, winding wood-n stairway.

"You'll tell me good-bye, I suppose, Rachel?" said he, with an ostentatious assumption of being entirely at ease, which did not in the least deceive the two women. But she turned away her head.

"I don't know why I should speak to you," said she. "You wouldn't answer me when I called you yesterday."

He looked at her in surprise.

"I don't take more than one rebuff from any man," she went on, excitedly.

"Ray!" he cried, seizing both her hands in his, "what are you talking about? I refuse to answer you? I rebuff you? Child, I think you have gone crazy."

The tears were flowing now, a sparkling flood.

"I—I went down to the field yesterday," she sobbed, "to carry you a cool drink—to ask you not to go to Colorado. I called 'Jotham!' again and again. And you would not answer me! You would not even turn your head!"

"Where was I, Rachel?"

"In—in the cornfield! I saw your hat!" His face brightened.

"Come here, Ray!"—he said, in deep earnest tones, as he took her hand and led her to the window where the sunrise was unfurling its red banner to the world.

"You saw my hat, did you? Well, you can see it now. Call to it, dear. It won't answer you. It is only the old braided straw, set on a pole among the green stalks, to frighten away the crows. My darling! my darling! don't turn your face away from me! And you could suppose that I showed a deaf ear to your calls! Dearest, I should hear them, I believe, if I lay six feet under ground, with the daisies growing over me. Shall I go on the five o'clock stage, sweet-heart, or shall I stay?"

And Rachel whispered:

"Stay!"

Long ago the corn has been reaped and gathered, and bound into yellow shocks on the side hill. But the old hat still flutters aimlessly on its stake in the middle of the field.

"Don't take it away," says Rachel, who is sewing diligently on a bridal dress of white alpaca, with loopings of creamy ribbon sprinkled all over it. "I like to sit here at the window and look at it. It teaches me a lesson—not to judge too hastily."

The Flea.

Fleas love dirt, and in it they flourish and multiply most abundantly. But in spite of St. Dominic's curse and their unclean habits, they are interesting little fellows. Let us put one under the microscope. It seems to be clothed in a sort of armor formed of brown overlapping plates, that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indestructible. Its head is small and very thin, and it has a single eye on each side. This eye is black, and the rays of light scintillate within it like sparks of fire. Jeth managed to look through one of those eyes, and he found that it diminished objects in size, while it multiplied them in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flame of a candle becoming a thousand tiny stars. From the shape of its head, and for other reasons, the flea is supposed to use only one eye at a time. The offensive weapon of a flea is composed of two palpi, or feelers, two piercers, and a tongue. When it feeds it stands erect, thrusting its sucker into the flesh, and it will eat without intermission until disturbed, for it voids as fast as it swallows its food. It is interesting to put several in a glass, and, giving them a piece of raw meat, see them all standing on their hind legs to suck up its juices.

Their manner of breathing is still undetermined, but it is thought most probable that they receive air into their bodies through small holes at the ends of the palpi. The legs of a flea are marvels of strength and elasticity. They are joined to the body by long tendons that act like wire springs. In making its leap, which, it is said, can cover two hundred times its own length, the flea draws the leg close up to the body, and then throws it out with great force; but the impulse proceeds from the first joint alone, the others only increasing it by their stretch while the leap is being made.

Fleas are possessed of great strength. Moullet tells of a mechanic who made a gold chain, as long as his finger, that a flea dragged after him, and a golden chariot, which he drew also. Bingley writes of a watchmaker in the Strand who had an ivory four-wheeled chaise, with a coachman on its box, drawn by a flea. The same man afterward made a carriage with six horses, a coachman, four persons inside, two footmen behind, and a postilion on one of the horses, all of which were drawn by a single flea. Latrielle mentions a flea which dragged a silver cannon of twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and showed no fear when it was charged with gunpowder and fired off. Rene says that he saw three fleas drawing a tiny omnibus; that a pair drew a chariot, and that a brass cannon was dragged by a single one.

There are several varieties of fleas, but they are so much alike that their differences are interesting only to scientific pedants. The cat flea will do well as any to show us the process of breeding. During the spring and summer months she simply drops her eggs into the fur of the cat, but in the autumn and winter she gives them firmly upon a hair. These eggs are so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye, but under the microscope they are very beautiful, looking like the love-lies pearls, and are perfectly translucent. The flea deposits nearly two hundred at a time, running about and dropping them here and there. They soon hatch into small, white, footless worms. In from one to two weeks they go into cocoon. Nothing can be prettier than this cocoon. I wish I could show it to you, but will try to describe it. It is like a flask of clear glass, tinged at the edges with pink tints, and dotted over with gold. The little sleeper within lies in a circle, is rose-colored, and looks like the delicate petal of a flower. At first he is not larger than a mite, but when well fed grows quickly in size and strength.

Fleas are quarrelsome, and great fighters. When several are confined in a glass, they will stand on their hind legs, striking at their opponents with the other, losing legs and antennae, and at the last giving up their lives in the fight. There is a record of a flea which lived ten days after such an encounter, with no antennae; three plates of his side broken in; one eye gone; and with only four legs, and these cut off to the first joints.

Fleas are supposed to feel a great antipathy to wood and other bitter herbs; and, in England, the country people have a habit of placing these about their cottages for the purpose of banishing the lively little pests.—S. L. Craggs, *Santa Cruz*.

Tricks of Grand Army Men.

Of all the Yankee tricks I ever heard of during the twenty years' experience being a hotel-desk, where one is likely to learn all about human invention, there is none that will compare with one devised and successfully played by several members of an eastern delegation to the late Grand Army encampment in this city. The hotel was crowded and five or six of the New Hampshire boys were compelled to occupy one room. The department commander was one of the party, and a gay fellow he was. He and one other of the party used to go out and spend their evenings, leaving the others to go to bed early.

The first night or two the boys had a picket out to see what time the commander got home. Then they dropped on a new plan of timing him. They got a candle and burning it an hour found out exactly how far it burned down. Then they marked it by hours and went to sleep, leaving the candle burning. When the commander got home he extinguished the light and retired. The next morning he was surprised to find that every man about the headquarters knew when he arrived home the night before. The candle trick was explained, and the commander enjoyed it hugely.—Thomas Parker in *Globe Democrat*.

Considering how many questions a small boy can ask in more than a quarter of an hour, it is astonishing how little he seems to know when a stranger asks him any.

THE LOSS OF THE FAMILY PLATE.

The town of Locustville is situated on a majestic river, and sufficiently near the city of New York to be deemed suburban. Why Locustville? A Betsy Trotwood might have inquired, as these trees are not numerous in the vicinity. Possibly the memory of the delicate foliage and sweet blossoms lingers in a locality once described by a French translator of Fenimore Cooper, with the aid of his dictionary, in these words, "The stranger alighted before the door of the mansion, and fastened his horse to a large grasshopper." Suffice it that Locustville is modern, pretty, and picturesquely perched on the river-bank, with the railroad track below, while the more prosaic element of the butcher, baker, and candlestickmaker is grouped about the station. The spot is a true paradise of the man of business, who dreams even at desk and ledger of rural repose.

There are cottages painted white, with green shutters, and usually shaded by weeping willow trees; and eccentric cottages, slate gray in hue, with facings of black and orange; and English cottages of red brick, the casement boasting diamond panes of glass. Nor are nice shades of distinction wanting in this suburban community. The red-brick cottage, as home of a banker, looks down on the modest white one, abode of a mere clerk, while the slate-gray house soars above both, as nest of an aesthetic poet.

The most remote of these residences is Gothic in structure, and of all Locustville resembles the home of the friendly sparrow in the trees of city squares. There is a freshness, a smiling expansiveness, so to speak, about this domicile which arrests attention. The smoke floats up like a banner from a span-roof chimney, a crystal bubble of a conservatory sparkles on the left side, and striped awnings flout over the windows when the sun is hot. There is an entrance gate capable of admitting a wheeled vehicle, with a tiny sweep of gravel leading up to the front door. Nor are external decorations lacking. A diminutive fountain adorns the grass-plot, while a pagoda, shaped summer-house is built on the river-bank. A tree trunk covered with ivy simulates a ruined column, and a net-work of twine stretched across the porch still held some sprays of drooping vines in the mild November weather of which we write, trained by the fostering care of the mistress of the house.

Said Pamela, "Have another buckwheat cake, darling."

"Well, no, love; but these corn muffins are excellent," replied Walter.

Then Pamela buttered delicately one of the praised muffins, and presented it to her lord and master, while he partook of breakfast with his watch placed on the table before him, and his ear alert for the locomotive whistle at the next station, which would warn him to flee on the path of duty cityward. Walter Timbs was book-keeper in the great dry goods house of Druggat & Co. He adjusted his habits of life with the same regularity that he balanced his accounts. The menage of the Gothic cottage was young, even as the furniture was new. Walter and Pamela had not been married a year.

"No, in fact," said Pamela, rising from the table; "we are going to keep Thanksgiving-day—our first Thanksgiving—here at home. I made up my mind to that a month ago, and I told papa as much when he invited us to town." She put on a stylish seal-skin cap and a coachman's cape to accompany her husband to the cars. Pamela performed this act of devotion with gaiety, for she was still more bride than matron.

Walter smiled, and then looked grave. "I wish you would teach Bridget to keep the front door locked, my love," he admonished. "I invariably find the entrance gate half open, besides. Some day a band of gypsies will come along and steal every tea-spoon. Depend upon it."

"Perhaps they will carry off the grand piano," suggested Pamela, in sprightly vein, and she tripped down the bank to the station. "If Bridget is careless about leaving doors and gates open, she is a perfect treasure in other respects. Have you forgotten Maggy, who spent her time flirting with neighboring gardeners, to the detriment of your dinner? or Catherine, who got drunk, and threatened you with a carving knife?"

"I have not forgotten all those delusive Swedish and German maidens, claimed by stalwart cousins for Western farms just when they learned to make hot biscuit," rejoined Walter.

"Bridget is as honest as the sun, and so ugly that even Mike, the grocer's boy, has jilted her for a better looking girl," added Pamela.

Walter bit his lip. "All that goes for nothing if the front door is not locked," he said. "You should enforce it."

"Nonsense!" laughed Pamela.

Locustville awaited the train at the station, for the railway was the centre of life. Young ladies seated in pony-phoebos bade lovers adieu for the day, mothers imparted anxious advice to sons, while paternal families kissed the babies. Even Pamela was not insensible to the exhilaration of being ogled by an entire train of cars as she stood there in her coachman's cape and seal-skin cap. She was a handsome young woman, tall and slight, with fine blue eyes, a creamy skin, and rich black hair brushed high from the nape of a very white neck, and arranged on top of the head in a fashion deemed purely American in Europe.

Away went the train, leaving feminine Locustville to a day of quiet routine. Walter Timbs was perturbed as he took his place in the cars. A cloud had chilled his sunshine. Pamela had made very light of his first attempt at asserting authority. What would come of it? Perhaps his nerves had been tried by a business knot of the previous day at Druggat & Co's, impossible to untangle. Possibly that last corn muffin was a tax on digestion calculated to produce gloom of spirit.

"She should not have said 'Nonsense' when I suggested locking the front door," mused the husband, and immediately took at opposite political view to his companion of the same sect concerning the election of a new mayor.

Pamela retraced her steps until she regained the Gothic cottage. This day before Thanksgiving was to be long memorable to her, yet it began like all other mornings. She washed the delicate cups and saucers, and put them up in the china-closet, after the most approved housewife fashion.

Then she played a Strauss waltz on the grand piano, which nearly filled the tiny drawing-room. Afterward she adjusted curtains, padded cushions, and hovered about the plants of the little conservatory, herself a glowing human blossom, for it was inseparable to her ideas of duty at this date to wear a coquettish cap, decked with scarlet bows, a distracting apron, and red slippers. Valuable rings flashed on her fingers, while a pair of diamond solitaires twinkled in her ears. These were wedding gifts, together with the grand piano and the household furniture. Pamela enjoyed her pretty things, and liked to have them scattered about. She was rehearsing the courtesies of her Thanksgiving dinner, with the aid of a cook-book, when a shadow darkened the window, and the tramp looked in on her, as a famished dog scents a larger. Scent of European style and stolidity, shrewdly Switzerland or Italy had sent him in some teeming ship-load to fatten on prosperity. Dull, sullen, brutal, and ferocious, according to the amount of drink accessible, here he was, a creature preying on the peaceful country until such time as frost and snow should drive him to some city den to plot in darkness, crime, and robbery. Pamela shivered, then gave him bread and meat. The tramp received the food with an inarticulate growl, and slouched a way again to stretch himself on the ground in the sun at a distance from Locustville and smoke a pipe. Pamela played another Strauss waltz to efface him. The tramp, swarthy, bearded, and unkempt, with heavy jaw and strong white teeth like the fangs of a wild animal, remained stamped on her mind, like a phantasm of the night.

After lunch a bustle of preparation for Thanksgiving pervaded the house. The guest-chamber was re-arranged, and windows opened. At two o'clock Pamela came down stairs, having unlocked the closet of her own room and taken out a bag. This bag contained the family plate. Soon spoons, forks, knives, pepper-casters, and sugar-sifters were spread on the dining table, together with all those trifles in shining metals given by friends at a wedding.

"There will be work enough to do to-morrow, so these had better be brightened a bit now," thought Mrs. Timbs.

Just then Bridget announced that a steamer was passing on the river, with a band of musicians on board. Steamers every hour of the day, so mistress and maid ran to the summer-house to see the excursionists. As they emerged from the back door of the cottage to gain the summer-house on the bank, an entered the gate stealthily, tried the front door, which was unlocked, and penetrated the house. Oh, rare chance of thieves! Silver was outspread temptingly on the dining table, and the bag from which it had been taken reposed on a table near at hand. The man glanced around, listened, swept the silver into the bag, and departed as he had come. When mistress and maid returned, the family plate was gone. They gazed at each other in speechless consternation. Was the front door unlocked? Well, yes, an hour earlier Pamela had admitted the Maltese kitten.

Walter Timbs was later than usual in coming home that night. He had paused to smoke a pipe with the poet of the slate-gray cottage, and their talk had turned on a tramp lurking along the hedges with his bundle on a stick. "What will become of us, as a country, if these vagrants are landed on us by Europe, to be supported or live by degradation?" Walter had exclaimed. "Could you not write a poem—on the subject?"

The poet had removed the amber mouth-piece of his Oriental pipe, and answered, "I might make a tragedy on such a theme."

Then Walter had come home and found the house door so firmly bolted that he had much ado to enter.

"I am glad you remember my instructions, Pamela," he said briskly.

Pamela looked at the carpet in pale silence. Bridget peered in the door, disheveled, and a crash of falling crockery signaled her return to the kitchen. Confidences trove on Pamela's lips. Should she tell the truth? Never had such a dinner been served in the Gothic cottage as on that day before Thanksgiving. Mr. Timbs raised the lid of the soup-tureen with the eagerness of a hungry man, dipped the ladle into the milk-thickened oyster stew, and exclaimed sharply, "Take it away!—this soup is burned."

"I never left it no more nor five minutes," asserted Bridget, and sidled off with the tureen, gazing at her master over her shoulder in such a strange manner that he might have been warranted in believing sudden madness to have smitten the household.

Pamela played with her spoon. Alas! It was a plated one for every-day use. The chicken was hopelessly raw, the potatoes were cold, the apple pie scorched to a cinder, with the addition of a lit of ashes. Humanity, with an empty stomach, asserted itself in the master of the house as he ate a pickle.

"Really, the prospect for Thanksgiving is a lively one, my dear. I hope the banquet may not prove a Barabael feast after all. I should like a Polynesian pudding I once read about. The bread-fruit, ripe plantain, palm or pandanus nut, are rasped, pounded and baked separately. Then a large tray is filled with coconut milk, kept shimmering by popping in heated stones, and other ingredients, fresh from the oven, are added. Think of coconut milk as a pudding sauce!"

"Perhaps you had better live in Polynesia," snarled Pamela.

The wretched meal concluded, Walter took refuge in a cigar; while Pamela attacked the grand piano in a storm of discords.

"Spare my nerves," groaned the hungry husband, after a time.

Pamela rose, and flounced into the darkness of the little conservatory. Her heart ached, tears were ready to overflow her eyes, and her nerves were strung to a tension of excitement by the disaster of the day; but pride still upheld her. The conservatory was dark and fragrant; the young wife moved about with an assumption of indifference, and sang a little tune. The stand of large plants formed a desert foliage at the end, with a recess behind. As she lifted a spray of flowers to inhale their perfume, Pamela saw a man crouching on his hands and knees in the recess. She recognized the shock head of the tramp, Pamela's heart bounded violently, and stood still; the blood ran cold in her veins.

She did not scream or fall. In a lightning flash of swift conviction she beheld the tramp, discovered, spring forth to stretch Walter lifeless at her feet, if he ceased to sing. Held by this mortal dread, she continued to hum her song; she even plucked a flower from the plant nearest the hidden foe. Then she crept away, slowly, faster and faster, until she swung to the door of the adjoining room, still the bolt with stiffening fingers, and fell in a little heap, gasping, "A man—the tramp—is hidden there!" At the same moment there was a noise in the conservatory of falling plants and crash of glass, incident to the tramp's escape through the casement rather than to be taken like a rat in a trap.

Walter gathered up Pamela in his arms placed her on a sofa. Then he gave chase, revolver in hand. Soon all Locustville joined in pursuit of the outcast. Every cottager turned out to a man, to defend his own hearth-stone. The news flew like lightning through the night that Mrs. Timbs had found a burglar hidden in her conservatory, ready to plunder and murder when the household should have retired to rest. Weapons were snatched up, lanterns lighted, and watch-dogs let loose, as if ever tramp waited under cover of darkness for all such preparations of capture! Even the poet came forth in embroidered dressing-gown and cap, his spectacles polished, and a silver-mounted poniard in his grasp. The tramp had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him, and only the rustling of the wind through the trees and the murmur of the river responded to the shouts of the pursuers. When Walter returned to his abode, flushed with fruitless search, he found Pamela weeping bitterly on the sofa, while Bridget stood by with her apron to her eyes.

"I am not hurt, my pet, and the rascal will not return," said Walter, lavishing endearments on his wife, for his heart began to melt.

"Oh, it's not that!" sobbed Pamela.

"No, indeed, it's not that," cried Bridget with a sympathetic howl.

"What is it, then?" coaxed Walter.

"Why, he had been here—before!" cried Pamela.

"He had, just, had luck to him!" added Bridget behind her apron.

"Ah! the tramp had been here before. Did you leave the door open?" pursued Walter, with a doubtful smile.

Pamela swept the handkerchief from her eyes with a tragic gesture. Concealment was no longer possible. "What have suffered this day?" she exclaimed. "You may as well know the worst at once. The silver is gone, and we are ruined. Oh, those darling spoons with little curly ends, and that duck of a sugar-sifter shaped like a thistle! I shall never have any more."

"The silver gone?" repeated Walter, springing to his feet. "Let me see with my own eyes, for I can scarcely believe it."

He took a candle, and ran upstairs, followed by Pamela and Bridget. He unlocked the closet door, and produced the bag containing the family plate.

Mistress and maid were dumb. What did it mean?

"The fact is, I was the thief," explained Walter. "I came home at two o'clock to surprise you, and I found the gate ajar, the door unlocked. I had passed the tramp on the road. Neither of you was in the house. I put the silver in the bag, and carried it to the garret, and later took a chance to put it back safely in the closet. Then I slipped out, and spent the afternoon with the poet, in order to return home at the usual hour."

Pamela stared at him rigidly, but warmth and life began to re-animate her frame. Bridget sniffed.

"Let it be a lesson for the future, my love, to be more careful," concluded Walter, with masculine superiority. "I did not intend to speak until the hour of dinner to-morrow, which would become a true Thanksgiving with re-appearance of the family plate."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself to play such tricks," retorted Pamela, finding voice at last. "So like a thoughtless man, I might be worn gray and worried into a fever with such nonsense. Pity you spoke at all!"

Walter's countenance fell under this volley of feminine indignation, and somehow the result seemed rather languid.

"I did not stolen that silver, the tramp might have got it," he reasoned.

Pamela dreamed that night Walter was a cook, in the white apron and cap of a French chef, preparing the famous Polynesian pudding, while Bridget had given warning in consequence.

Next morning brought restored peace and sunshine to Walter Timbs' interior. Pamela's parents arrived at noon, and of all Locustville the Thanksgiving dinner served in the Gothic cottage was the most enjoyable. At an early hour the poet accosted Walter over the fence.

"I have been meditating on my tragedy of the *Dangerous Classes*. I shall make your wife the heroine—a splendid creature with creamy skin and stately throat. There must be crime to enhance the light effects, you know. The tramp slays you, or the heroine falls in defense of her home."

The poet blew a cloud of smoke from his lips, and watched it dissolve in mid-air.

The restored family plate adorned the table, and Pamela's eyes sparkled when they reverted to the treasure. Two notable results became manifest: the front door of the Gothic cottage is always kept locked, and Walter never attempts to enforce marital authority.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"A FRIEND OF MINE."

The Law Which Elects the Entire Globe.

Travelers who have gone "far countries far to see" say that they find human nature pretty much the same all the world over.

They find wide variance in color of skin, in physical contour, in mental characteristics, but in the essential elements that control social conduct, the human family is a brotherhood.

The law, unwritten, found in no statute book, enforced by no court decrees, but having an influence circumscribed only by the limits of earthly space, is the law of kindness.

Among peoples where cruelty to human kind is almost a fixed habit, who are relentless foes, and as friends scarcely less to be dreaded, those savage natures revel in fiendish atrocities, there yet lingers the spark of divinity which lifts man above the beast.

Sorrow melts the human heart wherever found, and sympathy mingles its tears with grief all the world over. Where pity does not dwell, there lives no thing of human kind. It is "the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

What a terrible world this would be to live in were it not for the sympathy and loving kindness shown us when sorrow comes, for it is decreed that in all lives "some days must be dark and dreary."

The 10,000 and more voluntary testimonials the proprietors of Warner's safe cure have received in regard to the efficacy of that remedy, reveal this "touch of nature" in a peculiar manner. The great majority of them acknowledge that it was through some kind friend who, in pity for their suffering, had made known to them the wonderful merits of this great remedy.

The testimonial of Capt. Geo. B. Whitbank, of Philadelphia, is a fair sample. He was put ashore from his ship to die of a fever resulting from kidney and liver trouble, and as physicians could not help him, there seemed no hope for him. But he says, "A friend of mine, who happened into port, came to see me, and urged me to begin the use of Warner's safe cure." He began to use it as his friend advised, and was cured in a very short time.

How many men there are to-day in the world, rounding out lives of usefulness, making the world happier and better, who would have long since passed to the other shore, had it not been for the loving kindness of friends, shown in this practical way, as these testimonials from all quarters of the globe afford ample evidence.

Manners are Decaying.

Higher education has something to do with the gradual decline in that social and domestic sweetness which is the outgrowth of the performance of loving little duties and attentions one toward another. The daughter has her school, her college, her post graduate courses, her societies and discussions of political economy and her "aims," and no longer relieves her mother of household cares or places the slippers by the fire for her father. The son has his night key, his own set of companions and associates, is only seen at meal times and not always then, and has so many engagements that mother or sister can rarely rely upon him as an escort, and are often obliged to seek or accept the attention from strangers or mere acquaintances which they do not find at home.

But this is not the worst of "society" young men. Vanity and imbecility are fast rendering them an indistinguishable race—neither divine, human nor respectable as brutes, but a new species, possibly the "missing link," to be investigated and assigned to place by naturalists. A young dude recently made it a condition of going to a party with his sister that she should not "interfere" any one. He didn't want to "increase" his list of acquaintances; besides, he was "afraid" the "coll. lation" might be "mixed." This is literally true.

Modern improvements, inventions and luxurious appliances have done their share toward ridding us of the humanities. Nobody now wants to "take any trouble" for themselves or for other people, not even the members of their own households. What is the use of taking a message or carrying a parcel? There is the telephone in the house or office and the messenger boy on the corner. Memory is no longer cultivated in the direction of performing thoughtful little acts, and falls even in the service of directing others to attend to them. Personal solicitude, personal sympathy is dying out for want of exercise, because every one is too busy to do more than write a note or send a bouquet of flowers, and even the illness of our nearest and dearest is turned over to the "trained" nurse and doctor, and the busy nothingness of our lives goes on as before—*Jenny Jew in New York World*.

\$371.21 FOR A GUESS.—The readers of our paper will be interested in knowing that the proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies will pay \$371.21 in cash for the best answer to the question: "What is the best for that is the outside of the chimney of the old-fashioned log cabin, as represented in the trade-mark of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies?" A pamphlet with a picture of such a log cabin can be procured at any drug store. The answers must be sent by mail to H. B. Warner & Co., proprietors of the celebrated "Warner's Safe Cure," Rochester, N. Y., before April 10th, 1888. But one answer from each contestant will be considered. It must be signed with the real name, giving post office address, and must state that the party has purchased and used at least one of the following remedies: Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumptive Remedy, Warner's Log Cabin Extract, Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills, Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream (for catarrh, etc.), Warner's Log Cabin Scalp Cure (for the scalp and hair), Warner's Log Cabin Pills. The answers will be referred to an impartial committee for decision, which will be announced April 10th, 1888. Letters of inquiry will not be answered.

NEIGHBOR—What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup. Mrs. Stuckup—Yes, they are all imported fowls. Neighbor—You don't tell me no! I suppose they lay eggs every day? Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)—They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.

Acme White Lead and Color Works.

The prominence of Detroit as a center for the manufacture of paints and colors, is largely due to the excellence of the product and the extent of the trade of the Acme White Lead and Color Works, which were incorporated in December, 1884. The works of the company are located at the corner of Grand River Avenue and Fourth Street, and contain all that is latest in the way of machinery and appliances adapted to the manufacture of dry colors and the preparation of mixed paints, white leads, zincs, putties, etc. The company makes a specialty of the manufacture of dry colors, in which department of industry there are only about one dozen establishments engaged in this country. The firm in addition to their manufacture of white lead, dry colors, etc., make a number of rapidly selling specialties, including Neal's Carriage Paints, Granite Floor Paint, Acme Sash Paint, Acme Interior Fresco Paints, Acme Wagon and Implement Paint, Acme Decorative Paints, Neal's Improved Carriage Top Dressing; and in these colors make specialties of "Chromocolor" greens, yellows, vermilion and wine colors. Their great speciality of Neal's Carriage Paints enjoy a wide celebrity for the quality of their tints, their uniformity, durability, and all the qualities most to be desired in carriage paints, and have received prizes wherever exhibited, including a medal at the American Institute in 1886, and diplomas from the Southern Exhibition at Louisville in the same year. The demand for their goods extends to all countries and is increasing from year to year. All the details of the business are conducted upon perfect and accurate system, and its offices are controlled with good judgment and a high order of executive ability by the President, Mr. W. L. Davies, Mr. H. Kirke White, Vice-President, and Mr. A. E. White, Treasurer, are also members of the great seed firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., Mr. Thomas Neal, Secretary of the company, is a practical man of great experience, to whose thorough knowledge of all the details of this branch of industry is due to the excellence of many of the special products of the company.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk and Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Ry., will further improve their baggage service by commencing to check baggage direct from hotels and private residences to destination of tickets held. For example: Party living at 43 Jay street, Detroit, going to city ticket office and purchasing tickets to say Denver, Col., can upon application to ticket agent, or upon calling at Detroit Omnibus Co.'s office, have baggage checked direct from house to Denver, Col., and avoid the rechecking at this depot.

Veterinary Department

Inducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon, Professional Address Through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers of the paper. The full name will be given to any subscriber who identifies themselves as subscribers. The names should be accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

Pityriasis in a Mare.

PERCY, Dec. 28, 1887.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
In reply of yours to mine of Nov. 16th, I have treated my mare according to directions. While undergoing washing she seemed to be better. Now that I have got through she begins to look as if she were better. You say my description of symptoms is rather indefinite. I cannot possibly see how to describe them better. I will inclose my first letter and your answer; also a clipping of hair from the mare. Please prescribe again if you can.
What is the matter with my pig? They are thoroughbred Chester Whites and are not growing as they should; they seem to be very heavy and healthy but look grimy and dull in their hair. There are dark hard scales on their hides and they act as though it hurt to scratch them off. They have been kept in dry pen with plenty of clean dry straw. I had one last summer that was so and she never did as she ought to do; after I shut her up to fat there was a reddish color through her hair. When I scalded her the water looked as though there had been some fat in it. Her skin did not feel smooth and pliable as it ought. If you can tell me what to do for them please do so, as I want to raise this litter. They are about three months old and have been fed on bran, corn and oats.

Answer.—The disease in your mare is not acute but chronic, requiring time to effect a noticeable change. The benefit of the treatment will not be observed for some time to come. We can only say for you, continue the treatment, as the weather may be favorable throughout the winter and spring, avoiding exposure to stormy weather. Give no corn or corn meal.
Second.—Without seeing your pigs we can only say the cause of trouble evident is of a local character, from the above description we cannot solve. Personal examination, or some landmark to govern us, alone will justify an opinion.

Polypus in the Testes of Cows.

ARMADA, Dec. 31, 1887.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR—I have two young cows which calved from three to four weeks ago, and I have never been able to get any milk from one of the front teats, on either cow, except a very little which I am able to suck out. The test seems to be full of milk, but after the first stream I can milk no more for some time. The udder is not in order, and the last season I had no milk with either. One has her second calf, the other her third. In the teats about a half inch below the udder there is a hard substance about the size of a kernel of wheat, or larger, seeming to be in or near the duct or passage. I have not used a milking tube nor probed the test. If you can give me any advice to help me out I will gladly follow it.

E. L. MOSHER.

Answer.—The cause of the trouble in the teats of your cows is due to the formation of a small tumor or polypus in each test, commonly called milk stones. These obstructions may be broken down by passing a milk tube up the test, or in the absence of an ordinary milking needle may be gently passed up the test, breaking down the obstruction, or pushing it into the udder, where it may remain without incurring the danger to the animal, or interruption to the flow of the milk. Care must be used not to injure the test.

Curb.

Michigan, Jan. 7, 1888.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR—I have a horse that has a curb coming on his leg. Do not know how he got hurt. He is right every way else. What is the best treatment, and can he be used while under treatment?
SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Clip the hair over the curb short, then apply the following: Biniodine of mercury, one-half drachm; vaseline, four ounces; mix well together, and rub the ointment over the curb well with the fingers. Let it remain two days, then wash well with castile soap and water. When perfectly dry, rub well with the fingers to remove any loose scurf, but do not force it then apply vaseline, and repeat the operation as before. In three or four weeks if necessary, repeat the blister. It is better not to work the animal while under treatment.

Anonymous.

If "A Subscriber," writing from Albion, Mich., will send us his full name and address, we will give him the information desired in the following issue of the FARMER. It is usual to consign all anonymous communications to the waste basket.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, January 9, 1888.

WHEAT.—Market steady and unchanged except for rye, which has advanced. Quotations are as follows:
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